

INVISIBLE WALLS

She's breathing on and fingering
The words that I'm imagining
In the glass she does her make up on in

I'm just a fish in a barrel
Going over the falls
While she skates in endless figure eights on
top

Invisible walls
I keep on crashing into

She hid her heart in a lock
Bound with short skirts and knee high socks
The illusion of the world is kept like this:

An uncountable number; an impassible
distance
Travelled for years, but it made no
difference
The edges of existence are impenetrable

Invisible walls
I keep on crashing into

No matter how close I get I'm still just as far
away

(S. Smith)